

THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

JULY 1, 1830.

MEMOIR OF MR. FAWCETT.

JOHN FAWCETT was born in London about the year 1767, and was intended for business. His father was a member of Garrick's company for many years, and was accounted a useful actor, as well as a tolerable singer. The subject of this sketch, after having received his education at St. Paul's school, was apprenticed to a respectable tradesman in the city; but, fortunately for Thalia, he "disdained the mercer's slothful life," and "fled from his master's home," to join an itinerant company at Margate, under the assumed name of Foote. His first appearance was as Courtall, in the *Belle's Stratagem*. Having met with encouragement at this place, he went to Tonbridge, where he attracted the notice of Mr. Cumberland, the dramatist, and was particularly favoured by Lord Abingdon, who gave him some instructions in music. He was afterwards engaged at York, where he played three characters in tragedy, — Oroonoko, Romeo, and Douglas; but on the departure of Mr. Knight from the company, he made a positive stipulation that he never should be obliged to perform a tragic character again. He here married Mrs. Mills,* then recently become a widow; and his fame in low comedy having reached London, a liberal offer was made him by Mr. Harris, whose company had then felt the loss of Mr. Edwin, and he made a successful first appearance at Covent Garden, in Caleb, in *He would be a Soldier*, at the commencement of the season of 1791. The first part that brought him into notice was Count Friponi, in Bate Dudley's opera of the *Travellers in Switzerland*, which he portrayed with considerable ability. In the course of two or three succeeding seasons, his progress in his professional duties was extremely rapid, particularly in that line in which Edwin had been employed. On Mr. Bannister, jun.'s leaving the little theatre in the Haymarket, in 1795, he recommended Mr. Fawcett to Mr. Colman, as the only person likely to sustain, with any credit, that variety of characters in which Mr. Bannister had long distinguished himself. Mr. Fawcett soon gave ample proof of the extent and usefulness of his various powers. Each night added fresh laurels to his brow, and with his increasing fame, his interest rapidly gained ground, till Mr. Colman appointed him acting manager of the theatre. This situation he held with considerable credit to himself, and advantage to the treasury, till the season of 1803, when the proprietor determined on opening at the stated time of his patent, with a company independent of the winter theatres. In 1806 he was again engaged

* This lady died some years ago, leaving an only daughter. Mr. Fawcett has since married a Miss Gawdey, by whom he has a young family.

by Mr. Colman, and took the lead in all characters of low comedy. When Mr. Kemble seceded for a time from the Covent Garden company, Mr. Fawcett was appointed acting manager of that theatre, which situation he held till the conclusion of last season.

The biography of Mr. Fawcett will, we fear, offer few novel particulars to our readers; but, of course, in a work like this, it could not be omitted at this period. Of his professional qualifications we may safely say, that a more active agent of the laughter-loving god has never been witnessed, for his genius was distinguished no less for versatility than excellence. The jealous anxieties of Moody,—the sturdy honesty of Jack Junk,—the pedantry and servility of Pangloss,—the loquacity of Caleb Quotum,—the lively eccentricity of Trudge, and a whole host of pert Lisardos, and other impudent serving-men, were portrayed by this actor with a richness of humour, a heartiness and a sincerity, that defied competition; nor was his acting less felicitous in a certain class of old men. Hardcastle, Justice Woodcock, Adam Winterton, Sir Mark Chase, Hardy, “cunning little Isaac,” were all acted in the true style of the authors’ intention; indeed, we think his representation of Hardcastle was the most entertaining we ever saw, for there was a certain austerity and pedantic stiffness in Fawcett’s manner, (of which latterly he could not entirely divest himself,) that considerably heightened the effect of Marlow’s mistakes; we feel that our pen cannot do justice to the appearance of his hurt dignity when suffering under Marlow’s impudent treatment. In Shakspeare’s Clowns, Fawcett has left a niche long likely to remain unoccupied; the caustic humour of these merry beings has never been given by any actor with so much point and relish since the days of King;—he was also justly celebrated for his comic singing; like Mathews, he could almost overpower the orchestra by the rapidity of his utterance. In this brief enumeration of Fawcett’s talents, we must not omit noticing, that tears as well as smiles have paid their tribute to his powers. Of his performance of Copp, Mr. Cornflower, and other well-known characters, we will borrow a sentence from a celebrated critic: “He is like a cocoa-nut, husky in appearance, but delicious to the taste; oppose but the smallest point of sensibility to his rough outside, and there oozes a rich stream of benevolence to the thirsty.”

Mr. Fawcett is the author of the following ballets, or serious pantomimes: *Obi, or three-fingered Jack*, *La Perouse*, *The Brazen Mask*, *Faries’ Revels*, (acted by children,) and *The Enchanted Island*.

We have endeavoured to give a slight idea of the professional merits of John Fawcett, or, to use Mr. Boaden’s distinguishing appellation, “the man of his word,” who so well “acted his part,” that he enjoys public approbation and private esteem, and now that he retires from the busy scene of his exertion to the calmness of domestic life, has the gratification of reflecting, that during the thirty-nine years in which he “held up his hand at the bar of public opinion,” he contributed, by his example, to rescue his profession from that disrepute and degradation, which the vices and follies of so many of his brethren daily concur to produce.

MEMOIR OF MRS. DAVENPORT.

Fain would my verse in glowing accents tell
 That thy Dame Quickly hath no parallel;
 That Mrs. Peachum, when thou'rt gone, will be
 A story told :—she lives, she'll die with thee ;—
 And that M^cTab and Deborah will not,
 So long as truth can charm us, be forgot.
 But here I pause ; no pen, like mine, can give
 New life to things which once have ceased to live :
 Then can it proudly, soaringly endeavour
 To lend a charm to that which lives for ever ?
 But had it power, 'twould joy to place thy name
 Upon the records of enduring fame.
 Or could perfection ever be express'd
 By one short word, 'twould write—thy Nurse, and rest.

THE life of this incomparable actress affords but little exercise for our pen ; for her career, both private and professional, has been marked by few vicissitudes,—the latter having been one scene of gradual improvement, until she reached the “topmost hill of fame :” and though an actress, we have no errors to palliate, no intrigues to detail ; for, through life's stages, in the varied characters of wife, mother, and a member of a respectable profession, she possesses the proud consciousness of having “done her duty ;”—a consciousness infinitely more valuable than the frothy eulogiums of critics or the empty applauses of the public.

Mrs. Davenport's maiden name was Hervey : she was born at Launceston, in Cornwall, in the year 1765. At about the age of twenty, Miss Hervey made her debüt on the Bath stage as Lappet, in *The Miser*, and with a success that led to an immediate engagement. After remaining in that city two years, she joined the Exeter company, and there gave her hand to Mr. Davenport, a respectable performer belonging to that theatre. Soon after her marriage, Mrs. Davenport obtained an engagement in Dublin, where she opened in *Rosalind*. Her appearance in those characters, which have obtained for her an almost immortal fame, was entirely owing to accident. Mr. Daly, the Dublin manager, was anxious to revive a once-popular comedy, but was prevented, from the want of an adequate representative of the “Old Lady's” part. Mrs. Davenport, on hearing of his dilemma, cheerfully undertook the character ;—not an *ordinary* act of kindness, when we consider the lady was in the hey-day of her youth, and, we may add, beauty ; for her personal charms then were accounted by no means inconsiderable : she met with so much applause that it induced her to continue in that line of character. The manager of Covent Garden, being in want of a successor to supply the loss of Mrs. Webb, offered her terms which were accepted. She made her first appearance there, as Mrs. Harcastle, in 1794.

We shall not attempt to enumerate the various characters in which Mrs. Davenport excelled ; for the delightful unconsciousness of her manner when delivering the egregious blunders of Mrs. Malaprop,—the rich effect of the assumption of youthful graces and coquettish smiles, when she appeared to the astonished Isaac as the juvenile daughter of Don Jerome,—the honest zeal and emphatic fervour of her defence of poor Francisco, (not to mention her Nurse) must be written on the “tablets of the memory” of all lovers of humorous and intelligent acting.

NOTICES OF THE LIVES AND WRITINGS OF OUR EARLY
DRAMATISTS.

(Continued from page 113.)

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THOMAS HEYWOOD was a native of Lincolnshire, and appears, from an entry in Henslowe's MS. book, to have written for the stage so early as 1596. He was certainly the most voluminous dramatic writer that this nation, or indeed any other, ever possessed, excepting the celebrated Spanish playwright, Lopez de Vega; for, in the preface to one of his plays, called *The English Traveller*, he tells us that it was one preserved amongst two hundred and twenty, in which he had "either an entire hand, or at least a main finger." Of these, however, only twenty-three remain, a circumstance for which the author accounts in different parts of his works. In *The Apology for Actors*, which was published in 1612, he says, "My pen hath seldom appeared in press till now; I have been ever too jealous of my own weakness, willingly to thrust it into the press." And, in the preface to *The English Traveller*, he remarks, "True it is, that my plays are not exposed unto the world in volumes, to bear the title of WORKS, as others; one reason is, that many of them, by shifting and change of companies, have been negligently lost; others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print; and a third, that it was never any great ambition in me to be in this kind voluminously read.

From *The Rape of Lucrece*, of which five editions were published, we propose to make a short extract. This tragedy is a sort of dramatic monster, in the construction of which, every rule of propriety is violated, and all grace and symmetry are set at defiance. The dignified characters of Roman story are here really infected with the madness which Brutus only assumes; but with an exuberance of buffoonery and conceit, are mingled a considerable portion of poetry, and some sparks of genius and feeling, which would do credit to any dramatist.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

ACT. IV.—SCENE IV.

Enter SEXTUS, with his sword drawn, and a taper lighted.

Sext. Night, be as secret as thou art close,—as close
As thou art black and dark! Thou ominous queen
Of tenebrous silence, make this fatal hour
As true to rape as thou hast made it kind
To murder and harsh mischief! Cynthia, mask thy cheek;
And all you sparkling elemental fires
Choak up your beauties in prodigious fogs,
Or be extinct in some thick vaporous clouds,
Lest ye behold my practice! I am bound
Upon a black adventure, on a deed
That must wound virtue, and make beauty bleed.
Pause, Sextus, and before thou run'st thyself
Into this violent danger, weigh thy sin:—
Thou art yet free, belov'd, grac'd in the camp;

Of great opinion and undoubted hope ;
 Rome's darling in the universal grace,
 Both of the field and senate, where these fortunes
 Do make thee great in both : back ! yet thy fame
 Is free from hazard, and thy style from shame.
 O fate ! thou hast usurp'd such power o'er man,
 That where thou plead'st thy will, no mortal can.
 On, then, black mischief, hurry me the way !
 Myself I must destroy, her life betray.
 The hate of king and subject, the displeasure
 Of prince and people, the revenge of noble,
 And contempt of base ; the incurr'd vengeance
 Of my wrong'd kinsman, Collatine ; the treason
 Against divin'st Lucrece ; all these total curses,
 Foreseen, not fear'd, upon one Sextus meet,
 To make my days harsh, so this night be sweet.
 No jar of clock, no ominous hateful howl
 Of any starting hound, no horse-cough breath'd from the entrails
 Of any drowsy groom, wakes this charm'd silence,
 And starts this general slumber ; forward still,

[*Lucrece discovered in her bed.*]

To make thy lust live, all thy virtues kill.
 Here, here, behold ! beneath these curtains lies
 That bright enchantress that hath daz'd my eyes.
 Oh, who but Sextus could commit such waste
 On one so fair, so kind, so truly chaste ?

Luc. What are you ?

Sex. Tarquin and thy friend, and must enjoy thee.

Luc. Heaven such sin defend !

Sex. Why do you tremble, lady ? Cease this fear.

I am alone ; there's no suspicious ear
 That can betray this deed : nay, start not, sweet.

Luc. Dream I, or am I full awake ? oh, no !

I know I dream to see prince Sextus so.
 Sweet lord, awake me ; rid me from this terror :

I know you for a prince, a gentleman,
 Royal and honest, one that loves my lord,
 And would not wrack a woman's chastity
 For Rome's imperial diadem : oh then
 Pardon this dream ! for being awake, I know
 Prince Sextus, Rome's great hope, would not for shame
 Havock his own worth, or despoil my fame.

Sex. I'm bent on both ; my thoughts are all on fire ;
 Choose thee, thou must embrace death, or desire.

Yet do I love thee : wilt thou accept it ?

Luc. No !

Sex. Tell me why.

Luc. Hate me, and in that hate first let me die.

Sex. By Jove, I'll force thee !

Luc. By a god, you swear

To do a devil's deed ; sweet lord forbear.
 By the same love I swear, that made this soul,
 Never to yield unto an act so foul.

Help ! Help !

Sex. These pillows first shall stop thy breath,
 If thou but shriek'st ; hark ! how I'll frame thy death.

Luc. For death I care not, so I keep unstain'd
 The uncraz'd honour I have yet maintain'd.

Sex. Thou can'st keep neither, for if thou but squeak'st,
 Or let'st the least harsh noise jar in my ear,

I'll broach thee on my steel; that done, straight murder
One of thy basest grooms, and lay you both,
Grasp'd arm in arm, on thy adulterate bed.

Luc. Hear me, as you're noble.

If all your goodness and best generous thoughts
Be not exil'd your heart, pity, oh pity,
The virtues of a woman! Mar not that
Cannot be made again: this once defil'd,
Not all the ocean waves can purify
Or wash my stain away. You seek to soil
That which the radiant splendour of the sun
Cannot make bright again; behold my tears;
Oh, think them pearl'd drops, distill'd from the heart
Of soul-chaste Lucrece; think them orators,
To plead the cause of absent Collatine, your friend and kinsman.

Sex. Tush, I am obdure.

Luc. Then make my name foul, keep my body pure.
Oh prince of princes, do but weigh your sin:
Think how much I shall lose, how small you win.
I lose the honour of my name and blood—
Loss Rome's imperial crown cannot make good.
You win the world's shame, and all good men's hate;
Oh, would you pleasure buy at such dear rate?

Sex. I'll drag thee hence.

Luc. Jove, guard my innocence.

Sex. Lucrece, thou art mine,
In spite of Jove and all the powers divine.*

The tragedy of *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness* is considered as one of the best of Heywood's writings; it was published in 1617, and was acted by the Queen's servants. The subject of this most tearful of tragedies, "which raises in the reader's breast a sea of troubles, a sympathy the most engrossing, a grief the most profound," is the seduction of Mrs. Francford by Wendoll, the creature of her husband's bounty. The selections which we now present to the reader immediately succeed the discovery of the guilty connexion.

Mrs. Franc. Oh by what words, what title, or what name
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon? oh!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven! To call you husband!
(O me most wretched!) I have lost that name,
I am no more your wife.

Franc. Spare thou thy tears, for I'll weep for thee;
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now I protest, I think 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most asham'd; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face,
Than on the sun's clear brow; what wouldst thou speak?

Mrs. F. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? when tread me
Under feet? when drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand, thousand fold
More than you can inflict: yet once, my husband,

* We have been obliged to considerably curtail this scene.

For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament;—even for his sake
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword: but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no not speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor be in your presence:
Yet as an abject this one suit I crave,
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Fran. My God, with patience arm me! rise, nay rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou playd'st the strumpet? Wast thou not supply'd
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy;
Nay, even beyond my calling?

Mrs. F. I was —————

Fran. Did I not lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?

Mrs. F. You did.

Fran. I did, indeed; witness my tears, I did.
Go bring my infants hither. O Nan, O Nan!
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact;
Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them; lest as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them!

Mrs. F. In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.

Fran. Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing rashly;
I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [*Exit.*]

He returns with his friend CRANWELL. She falls on her knees.

Fran. My words are register'd in heaven already,
With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet: but, with usage
Of more humility, torment thy soul,
And kill thee even with kindness.

Cran. Mr. Francford.

Fran. Good Mr. Cranwell.—Woman, hear thy judgment;
Go make thee ready in thy best attire:
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel:
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman was.
Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber:
Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven miles off;
Where live; 'tis thine, I freely give it thee.
My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains,
To carry all thy stuff within two hours;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Mrs. F. A mild sentence.

Fran. But as thou hop'st for heav'n, as thou believ'st
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me or to meet me; or to send
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

Mrs. F. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Fran. Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must along;
Servants and all make ready, all begone—
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

CRANWELL, FRANCFORD, and NICHOLAS, a *Servant*.

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,
Now that you've despatch'd your wife away?

Fran. O sir, to see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's: I lov'd her dearly,
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment
I would not have a bodkin nor a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,
Nor any thing that ever was call'd hers,
Left me, by which I might remember her.
Seek round about.

Nic. Here's her lute flung in a corner.

Fran. Her lute? Oh God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice—which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly wrung!
Post with it after her; now nothing's left;
Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

Mrs. FRANCFORD is overtaken, on her journey, by NICHOLAS, who delivers the lute to her.

Mrs. F. I know the lute; oft have I sung to thee:
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nic. My master commends him unto ye;
There's all he can find that ever was your's.
He prays you to forget him, and so he bids you farewell.

Mrs. F. I thank him; he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about; and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins: my lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.
If you return unto your master, say,
(Though not from me, for I am unworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)
That you have seen me weep—wish myself dead.
Nay, you may say too, (for my vow is past),
Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.

This to your master you may say and swear :
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.
Go break this lute on my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make ;
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy—and so your master tell.

Nic. I'll do your commendations.

Mrs. F. O no :

I dare not so presume : nor to my children :
I am disclaim'd in both, alas, I am.
O never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother : chide their tongue,
" If they by chance light on that hated word ;
Tell them 'tis naught, for when that word they name
(Poor, pretty souls!) they harp on their own shame.
So, now unto my coach, then to my home,
So to my death bed ; for from this sad hour
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates that may preserve my life :
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest.
But when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,
Sweet Saviour! to thy hands I yield my sprite."

Mrs. FRANCFORD (dying), SIR FRANCIS ACTON (her brother), SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, MR. MALLY, and other of her husband's friends.

Mal. How fare you, Mrs. Francford?

Mrs. F. Sick, sick, O sick : give me some air, I pray ;
Tell me, O tell me, where is Mr. Francford ;—
Will he not deign to see me e'er I die?

Mal. Yes, Mrs. Francford ; divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have mov'd and told him of your weak estate :
Who, though much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him e'er you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us ;
And sure he will be here immediately.

Mrs. F. You have half reviv'd me with the pleasing news :
Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not, brother Acton? blush I not, Sir Charles?
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? tell me, gentlemen.

Char. Alas! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Mrs. F. Then sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.
Is my husband come? my soul but tarries
His arrival, then I am fit for heaven.

Acton. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you ; but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears ; and I must weep by thee.
Here's Mr. Francford now.

MR. FRANCFORD enters.

Fran. Good morrow, brother : morrow, gentlemen :
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground :
But he that made us, made us to this woe.

Mrs. F. And is he come? methinks that voice I know.

Fran. How do you, woman?

Mrs. F. Well, Mr. Francford, well: but shall be better, I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe, (Out of your grace and your humanity) To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Fran. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them That made us first break hold.

Mrs. F. Amen, Amen.

Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound, I was so impudent to wish you here, And once more beg your pardon. Oh! good man, And father to my children, pardon me. Pardon, O pardon me: my fault so heinous is, That if you in this world forgive it not, Heaven will not clear it in the world to come. Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees That kneel I cannot; but on my heart's knees My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O pardon me!

Fran. As freely from the low depth of my soul As my Redeemer hath for us given his death, I pardon thee; I will shed tears for thee; Pray with thee:

And, in mere pity of thy weak estate, I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So we do all.

Fran. Even as I hope for pardon at that day, When the great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits, So be thou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears Unite our souls.

Char. Then comfort, mistress Francford; You see your husband hath forgiv'n your fall; Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.

Susan. How is it with you?

Acton. How d'ye feel yourself?

Mrs. F. Not of this world.

Fran. I see you are not, and I weep to see it. My wife, the mother to my pretty babes, Both those lost names I do restore thee back, And with this kiss I wed thee once again. Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name, And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest, Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.

Mrs. F. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free Once more. Thy wife dies thus embracing thee.

The works of Heywood which are to be met with in print, are as follow:—*Edward IV.*, Hist. Play in 2 parts, without date; *If you know not me, you know nobody*, Hist. Play in 2 parts, 1605, 1606; *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, Comedy, 1607; *Golden Age, Silver Age, Brazen Age, Four Prentices of London*, Hist. Plays, 1611, 1613, and 1615; *A Woman kill'd with kindness*, and *Rape of Lucrece*, Tragedies, 1617, 1630; *Fair Maid of the West*, Comedy in 2 parts, 1631; *Iron Age*, Hist. Play, 1632; *English Traveller*, Tragi-Comedy, 1633; *Maidenhead well lost*, Comedy, 1634; *Lancashire Witches* (assisted by Richard Brome) 1634; *Love's Mistress*, Masque, 1636; *Challenge*

for Beauty; *The Royal King and the Loyal Subject*, Tragi-Comedies, 1636, 1637; *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638; *Fortune by Land and Sea* (assisted by Rowley), 1655. There are several unpublished dramas ascribed to Heywood's pen, the titles of which are given in the *Biographia Dramatica*. Besides being the writer of the City Pageants, of 1631, 1632, 1633, 1637, 1638, and 1639, Heywood was author of *The Apology for Actors*; a *Life of Merlin*; *The Hierarchy of Angels*; *Life of Queen Elizabeth*; *The Lives of Nine Worthies*; *The Lives of Nine Women Worthies*; *A General History of Women*, and also a *Book of Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, chiefly Translations*. Heywood was undoubtedly a man of great talent; his comic scenes were full of humour, and his tragic ones abound with situations deeply pathetic; he knew well the nature of human passions, but he threw them into extravagant positions: "he was," says Lamb, "a sort of prose Shakspeare." What rank he held as an actor is not known, but it is probable no very considerable one, as all his biographers are silent on that head.

T. H. K.

NOTANDA DRAMATICA.

No. I.

MISS PATON.

THE compilers of this lady's history, in various publications, have all overlooked the announcement of her first appearance in London; and as it may possess some little interest at the present moment, I transcribe it from the *Morning Post*, of May 5, 1813:—

"Miss Paton, Juvenile Performer, from Scotland, respectfully acquaints her Friends, and the Nobility and Gentry, that her Benefit Morning Concert will take place on Saturday, the 29th of May, at the Argyle-street Rooms, to commence at two o'clock. Miss Paton, by particular desire, on this occasion only, will recite some select pieces. Any commands for boxes will be gratefully received by Miss Paton, 14, Duke-street, Portland-place, where tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be had."

CIBBER'S "LINNET."

In his *Life of Johnson*, Boswell relates that he once said of Colley Cibber, "Cibber, Sir, was by no means a blockhead; but by arrogating to himself too much, he was in danger of losing that degree of estimation to which he was entitled. His friends gave out that he intended his *Birth Day Odes* should be bad, but this was not the case, for he kept them many months by him; and a few years before he died, he showed me one of them, with great solicitude to render it as perfect as might be, and I made some corrections, to which he was not very willing to submit. I remember the following couplet, in allusion to the king and himself:

'Perch'd on the eagle's soaring wing,
The lowly linnet loves to sing.'

Sir, he had heard something about the fabulous tale of the wren sitting upon the eagle's wing, and he had applied it to a linnet."

Thus far Boswell; but the image alluded to by Johnson occurs in

Cibber's *Ode for the New Year 1750*, and not in a Birth Day Ode. I extract the passage for the use of Mr. Croker, who may, perchance, find a place for it among the notes in his forthcoming edition of Boswell:—

Though (ages past) the muse preferr'd
Her high-sung hero to the skies,
Yet now, revers'd, the rapture flies,
And Cæsar's fame sublimed the bard.
So, on the tow'ring eagle's wing,
The lowly linnet loves to sing.

NAT LEE AND LORD CARLISLE.

In Lord Carlisle's tragedy of the *Stepmother*, there is this queer passage:—

As the poets say,
We soldiers love the roaring of great guns,
The neighing of war-horses, and of matrons
Violated, and all such martial noises.

The brilliant idea of neighing matrons is the only part of this quotation which has any claim to originality, the remainder being almost a literal transcript of a speech in Lee's *Rival Queens*.

Clytus would hear the groans
Of dying persons, and the horses' neighings;
Or, if I must be tortur'd with shrill voices,
Give me the cries of matrons in sack'd towns.

MRS. WAYLETT,

It is said, quitted the West London Theatre in a tiff, because Mrs. Fitzwilliam's name was printed in the bills as conspicuously as her own. The adjustment of this matter has always formed a bone of contention among the sensitive children of the sock and buskin. Chetwood, the prompter, in his *General History of the Stage*, 1749, has this passage:—

"Distinguished characters in bills were not formerly in fashion; they were printed according to the order they stood in the drama, not regarding the merit of the actor. For example, in *Macbeth*, Duncan, king of Scotland, appeared first in the bill, though acted by an insignificant performer; and so every other actor appeared, according to his dramatic dignity, and of the same sized letters. But latterly, I can assure my readers, I have found it a difficult task to satisfy some ladies, as well as gentlemen, because I could not find letters large enough to please them; and some were so fond of elbow-room, that they would have shoved every body out but themselves."

This vile system prevailed until Kemble became stage-manager of Drury, when the arrangement of the characters, according to their rank in the drama, was reverted to. At Covent Garden, however, a similar reform was not effected before 1803, when he purchased a share in the theatre. From certain indications, the capital style of announcement described by Chetwood seems to be again creeping into practice; and we have now, moreover, a system of puffing great names which was unknown in his days, viz. those staring announcements appended to the play-bills, which, according to Mathews's joke, were first brought into use by the manager of the theatre at New-castle-under-Line. Kean, it is notorious, used to stipulate in his

agreements with the Drury Lane Committee, that his name should be printed in the bills more conspicuously than that of any body else, an arrangement which naturally was very offensive to many other performers, especially to Downton, who vowed never to set his foot within the walls of Drury while it was continued; but this resolution he subsequently found it convenient to forget.

TARLETON.

The memoirs of this celebrated actor, in the last *Dramatic Magazine*, might have noticed and refuted a mis-statement respecting him which occurs in the *Biographia Dramatica*, that vile budget of blunders. It is there said, "Ben Jonson, who libels the fraternity, mentions him (Tarleton) with some respect, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, for supporting the character of the stage keeper." Now this is quite in Mr. Stephen Jones's usual style of correctness, for Jonson does no such thing; he merely makes one of the characters allude to Tarleton incidentally, thus:—

"I am an ass, I! and yet I kept the stage in Master Tarleton's time."

While upon this subject, I will add a scrap or two to what is said in the above-mentioned memoir, relative to the introduction of the clown. Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, complains that the dramatists of his day intermingled kings and clowns incongruously, "not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clowne, by head and shoulders, to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decencie nor discretion, so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulnesse is by their mongrell tradi-comedie obtained."

In Middleton's *Mayor of Quinborough*, 1661, there occurs the following dialogue between a player and one of the characters:—

Actor. This is our clown, Sir.

Simon. Fie! fie! your company must fall on him, and beat him; he's too fair, faith, to make the people laugh.

Actor. Not as he may be dress'd, Sir.

Simon. Faith, dress him as you will, I'll give him that gift, he will never look half scurvily enough. Oh, the clowns that I have seen in my time! The very peeping out of one of them would have made a young heir laugh, though his father lay a dying.*

A man undone in law the day before,
(The saddest case that can be) might for his second
Have burst himself with laughing, and ended all
His miseries. Here was a merry world, my masters!
Some talk of things of state, of puling stuff,—
There's nothing in a play like to a clown,
If he have the grace to hit on it—that's the thing, indeed.

Upon this subject, as well as every other connected with the early history of the stage, much curious matter remains to be gathered; and to those who have long deplored the want of such a treatise, it is consolatory to find, from the list of projected new works just issued by Mr. Murray, that the topic has at length engaged the attention of a gentleman, who, from his intimacy with dramatic literature, is perfectly qualified to do it ample justice.

* See p. 135, note.

BLUE EYES,

Which are now generally admired, were formerly considered a defect—such is the mutability of taste. In the *Tempest*, Sycorax, the witch, is reproachfully termed “a blue-ey’d hag;” and in Heywood’s *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, (p. 118), there occurs this passage:—

She is exceeding faire,
And ripe for marriage; made in all parts rare,
And amiable, *only she hath blew eies.*

Perhaps, however, it was only the light blue, or watery eye, which was an object of dislike. By the by, unless blue and grey were sometimes used synonymously, Shakspeare, in his *Venus and Adonis*, has been guilty of an oversight, for in one place, Venus says:—

Thou can’st not see one wrinkle in my brow;—
Mine eyes are *grey*, and bright, and quick in turning.

Yet, presently after, we are told:—

Her two *blue* windows faintly she upheaveth.

* *

SCENES FROM “KING HENRY I.; OR, THE CONQUEST OF NORMANDY.”

A REJECTED TRAGEDY.

(Continued from p. 38.)

AN interview between the hostile brothers having been agreed on (through the mediation of Prince William, King Henry’s son,) the following scenes occur in consequence.

Scene, before the gates of Caen: flourishes. DUKE ROBERT, attended by the EARL OF BOUVAISE, COUNT DE GUISE, BARON FITZURSE, &c. issues from the gates, occupying the right; KING HENRY, the EARLS OF BLOIS, SALISBURY, and DERBY, &c. enter and range on the left; PRINCE WILLIAM occupies the centre farther back. Standards of Normandy and England displayed. Music ceases. Long pause.

Guise. [Apart to Bouvais.] An inauspicious silence!

Blois. [Apart to the King.] Royal Sir,

Please you, unbend the sternness of your brow,

And give him some encouragement.

Bouv. [Apart to the Duke] My lord,

Call up your spirits; give your brother welcome.

Prince. Their angry looks infrigidate us all,

And our high hopes of peace remain in doubt.

My lords, in justice trespass on your defence,

And gently lead your sovereigns towards each other.

[BLOIS takes the KING’s hand, and BOUVAIS the DUKE’S: they ap-

proach each other. PRINCE WILLIAM comes down between them, takes a hand of each, kneels, and joins them.—Pause.]

Prince. Speak, my dear father! dearest uncle, speak!

Father, your heir,—your hope,—your house’s pride,

(As, fondly, oft you’ve called me) thus implores

One word of kindness to your royal brother!

Uncle, your nephew, your lov’d godson kneels,

To beg one word—one sentence from your lips

Of friendly greeting to my royal father.

And seal the peace of Normandy and England.

Duke. Thou canst not be the son of that stern man;

No; thou'rt some minist'ring angel
sent from heaven

To soften his hard nature. [*To the King.*] Canst thou feel?

King. My heart is full.

Duke. O Henry! is it peace?

King. If Robert wishes it.

Duke. It must be so

If Henry gives the word; for peace
and war

Are in his hands.

King. Far be from me the blame
Of seeking strife.

Duke. Then we'll not further word
This ticklish subject. Wilt thou feast
with me?

King. Aye, willingly.

Duke. Why now my heart is light.
This glorious youth,—this blessed me-
diator,—

His terms shall be our law. The ban-
quet waits,

Let's drown our bick'rings, lords, in
rosy wine.

A joyful flourish. Open wide your
gates

Mymother-city, and receive with shouts
Fraternal love's reunion. On, my
friends.

[*Shouts and flourishes. The PRINCE
places himself between the KING
and DUKE, takes a hand of each.
They enter the city, followed by
their nobles. Manet FITZURSE.
Enter LINGARIA.*]

Fitz. What! will they now, like
techy lovers, kiss,
And make it up again?

Ling. Ay, marry, will they.

Fitz. Humph! then what follows?

Ling. Nothing, man. A trifle.—
To thee, an ignominious death; to me,
Disgrace and infamy; and to my son,
Scorn, beggary, dishonour, persecution.

Fitz. Our wealth—

Ling. To confiscation!

Fitz. Ha!

Ling. Think'st thou

Our hoards of gold, wrung from the
needy peasantry,
Will save us! fool! know'st thou not
Henry's av'rice?

But come, each moment 's pregnant
with a blow

To our high fortunes: come, let's join
the banquet,

And 'twixt the royal brothers throw
the apple.

Fitz. Thyself the queen of discord.

Ling. Thou my minister. [*Eceunt.*]

[*The scene changes to the Banqueting
Hall, in DUKE ROBERT'S Palace;
the KING and DUKE seated on
chairs of state. The PRINCE stands
between, in close conversation with
them. The nobles of England and
Normandy arranged in order on
each side the festive board.*]

King. [*To the Prince.*] We'll think
of it.

Prince. [*To the Duke.*] What
says my dearest uncle?

Duke. Wave state affairs; let har-
mony prevail.

To-morrow will be time enough, my
son,

For sour-eyed bus'ness. Fill the
sparkling bowls,

Ourselves and royal brother will join
hands

In mutual pledge of sacred friendship.
Prince. Soft!

A son and nephew shall perform that
duty

Which a fond father and a loving uncle
Will honour in accepting. Give to me

The golden goblets. May this gen'rous
wine

Incline your royal hearts to sacred
peace

And brotherly affection,—as the water,
Made rich by the Redeemer's holy word,
(And, blushing, own'd his presence) at
the marriage [*Presents the bowls.*]

In Galilee, created heav'nly gladness!

King. Ye guardian saints of Nor-
mandy and England

Witness this pledge

Duke. Of amity and peace!

King. } Health to our { Normandy!

Duke. } brother { England!

Prince. Amen!

And Thou, in heav'n and earth, high
Prince of Peace!

Seal with thy smile this reconciliation!

Duke. The sojourn of the good on
earth is short;

And thou art all too good for this vile
world.

Methinks I hear the blessed voice of
Him

Thou hast invoked summon thee to his
glory!

In ev'ry unseen atom that surrounds
thee

An angel sits enthroned,—a heavenly
messenger,

Ready to guard through trackless
realms of space
Thy disembodied soul; lest, in its flight,
Some feculent matter of the grosser
elements

Should touch and grieve its purity.

King. My brother,
Why damp the present joy with idle
prophecies?

If I divine aright, the prince shall live
To sway my regal sceptre, and perpetuate

To late posterity our house's glory.

Duke. Heav'n grant thy divination
be not idle!

Thou canst not think a wish begets my
fear

For William's safety, seeing how I
love him.

Dost thou forget his baptism? on that
day

Wind, thunder, lightning, hail, and rain
at once

Vented their fury on the trembling
earth.

A forked flash struck the affrighted
nurse!

I snatch'd the infant from her withering
arms

As she sunk down a heap of burning
ashes.

The tempest ceased, the murky clouds
dispers'd,

And the bright sun burst forth in all
his splendour!

The babe look'd up to heaven and
smiled its praise.

King. And draw'st thou thence an
omen of his death?

Duke. I draw from thence a pre-
sage of his glory.

The never-fading glory of his God,
Like a bright halo of ethereal light,
My visual pow'rs discern around his
brow

A mystic warning that his mortal race
is drawing to a close.

King. But let us hope
In this thou augur'st falsely.

Duke. Ay, to that
I say, in fervency of soul, Amen!

[*Enter an Officer.*]

Officer. Illustrious lords! the Bar-
oness Fitzurse,
Attended by a goodly train of ladies,
Humbly craves leave t' approach the
royal presence.

King. Now, by St. Peter's key,
we're glad of this!

The smile of beauty is, methinks, a
foretaste
Of all the joys of Paradise.

Duke. [*Jocosely.*] Thou heretic!
A Mussulman thinks thus! A christ-
ian Prince—

King. Thinks like a Mussulman of
female charms. [bevy.]

Our pleasure is to see the beauteous
[*Enter LINGARIA and Ladies.*]

Fair dames, you honour and delight
us;—sit;

And let the sparkling bowls salute
your lips,

That we, with ours, may touch the
honied brims,

And so, by proxy, kiss you.

Ling. Sire, you're merry.

Yet, in such case, the bowls would be—
not yours—

But our proxies.
King. Faith! thy wit is sharp:
Thou hast us at a fault.

Ling. Your Grace can mend it.

King. Thou art a matron, lady,
and we guess'd

This train of beauteous dames attend-
ing thee

Were also married; and our innate
modesty

Would not permit—

Ling. A truce to this false delicacy.
Maids, wives, and widows know the
royal Henry

To be the flow'r of gallantry; and few
But would feel honour'd by it. So are
we.

King. By Ovid's art! a goodly
challenge, dames,

Which we accept, and dare you to the
proof

In Bacchanalian and Cyprian revels.

Ling. I have a suit which, lowly
on my knee,

I beg to offer to king Henry's notice.

King. Believe it granted.

Ling. Will your Highness swear
To grant whate'er it be?

King. Fair woman's eyes
Too oft mislead us. Simply, as a man,
I'd grant whate'er a lady could request:
But, as a king, (seeing thou'rt a poli-
tician)

We must digest the purport of thy suit,
And, as state policy demands, decide.

Duke. Some trifle, trust me; let it
not disturb

This hour of glad festivity.

(*To be continued.*)

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

KING'S THEATRE.

TUESDAY, May 25.—*Semiramide*.—*Masaniello*.

We are now enabled to say decidedly, that Signor Lablache is not a tragic singer, to our fancy ; his figure, in most serious personations, as here in *Assur*, must be much against him ; and the style of his singing, though often striking for strength and sweetness, does not, to us, seem thoroughly cultivated for the opera seria. The other characters were as before.

THURSDAY, May 27.—*Matilde di Shabran e Corradino*.—Atto Primo *Il Matrimonio Segreto*.—Atto Primo. *Masaniello*.

A very good night's entertainment, though we much dislike this half-and-half work. Malibran being tired of amusing herself with the old woman, the part was filled by Signora Specchi, and a creditable Fidalma she made.

TUESDAY, June 1.—*Il Matrimonio Segreto*.—*Masaniello*.

THURSDAY, June 3.—*Il Don Giovanni*.—*Zephyre et Flore*. Debut of Mademoiselle Taglioni.

This was Mr. Laporte's benefit, and his capacious theatre was filled in every part : the compliment was substantial, and, it is to be remarked, has been in every way admirably merited. In fact, no man deserves to fare better in his enterprize than Mr. Laporte ; for in spirit, liberality, completeness, and effect, he exceeds any manager we recollect at this theatre. No other, in the same period, has produced so many first-rate artists, and at no time, perhaps, has the public been so little pestered with complaints, and differences, and embarrassments of the establishment as under the present lessee. Active and indefatigable, he looks to a liberal reward himself, by giving it to others ; calls merit from afar, and may claim the distinction of having, in three seasons, presented to the British public every celebrated singer of established repute in Europe, except the primo tenore, Remorini, and he is understood to appear with Pasta next season.

Of the opera, the cast and our opinions thereon are these :—Donzelli played the Don,—it suits him in no respect ; Lablache was Leporello, and sung the music of his lively part excellently ; threw into his acting too many good points, and much genuine humour ; but his figure, as in other instances we have had to say, was here by no means what one would expect to find encompassing the wit and farce of the shrewd, arch, dégagé, familiar, Leporello. In short, wit and a big belly do not always, as in Falstaff's case, lie richly together ; and six feet, though the standard height for a footman, constitute an ungainly elevation for a tripping valet. Madame Lalande, as Donna Anna, was as usual ; Madame Malibran, as Zerlina, most happy ; Miss Bell-chambers, as Elvira, weak ; and Signori Curioni, Graziani, and Santini, which latter condescended the Ghost, did all they had to do effectually.

Didelot's revived ballet of *Zephyre et Flore* was an essential point of attraction for the evening, for it presented Mademoiselle Taglioni, for the first time, to a London audience. Her debut was eminently successful, fairly realizing the high report that preceded her arrival, in all essential particulars; for, as to the praises wafted of her exceeding beauty, we fancy there were prettier faces and forms on these boards before this young lady came; and, doubtless, they will remain when she departs. Her style of dancing is not easily described—it is principally distinguished for graceful ease and elastic motion, a feathered lightness, and complete success in every step and position. The slow, sustaining, elaborately-elegant, and critically-poised in extreme fitness,—looks ever ingenuous,—an air always modest, and a manner always chaste, as if her limbs improvisatised all the innocent graces of recreative action; these are a few of the remarks which will occur to all who observe this truly interesting artiste. Of the ballet itself, we hardly know what to report; we did not at all understand it, and can only say, we apprehend it was something mythological, and, like all mythology, flat and uninviting. The performers, however, acquitted themselves very well, particularly Coulon and Brocard, who shared the loud applauses of the evening.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5.—*Il Don Giovanni*.—*Zephyre et Flore*.

TUESDAY, JUNE 8.—*Il Matrimonio Segreto*.—*Zephyre et Flore*.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10.—*Il Don Giovanni*.—*Masaniello*.

These performances were announced for the benefit of Messrs. Chambers' estate, which we believe is in Chancery — *risum teneatis amici?*

SATURDAY, JUNE 12.—*La Cenerentola*.—*Zephyre et Flore*.

Lablache's Don Magnifico was the magnetic point to-night, and certainly a successful one, though not so rich in humour as his Geronimo. Why was his drunken scene omitted? In that, we think, he could not fail to entertain highly. Taglioni introduced a *pas de schal* with Coulon, which, in graceful posture-making and elegant-attitudinising, was more poetically pretty than any thing she has yet done.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15.—*Le Cenerentola*.—*Zephyre et Flore*.

DRURY LANE.

FRIDAY, May 28.—*The Spanish Husband*; Payne.—*High Life below Stairs*.

SATURDAY, May 29.—No performance.

MONDAY, May 31.—*Virginius*; Knowles.—*Blue Devils*; Colman.—*John of Paris*. For the benefit of Mr. Young.

The above admirable tragedian personated Virginius for the first time in London, though he has sustained the character successfully at Dublin and Bath. The first scene demanding a particular notice

was the interview with his daughter, which Young played in a more lively and playful manner than his predecessors. When Virginia unthinkingly observes that "she is so happy when her father is kind to her," Kean reiterated her words with profound pathos,—Young, in a tone of lively surprise. This new reading of the part was very effective, and received considerable applause. In the next scene,—the betrothing of his daughter to Icilius,—Young's acting was impressive, but does not call for a long notice; we therefore turn to the third act, where Virginius receives the intelligence of the indignities which had been offered to his daughter. In this scene the actor delighted and surprised his warmest admirers by the bold originality of his conception, and the profoundness of his judgment. Macready and Kean here were highly impassioned, but noisy; Young played the scene throughout in a tone of smothered resentment,—of rage "not loud but deep." Like the pent-up flames of an Etna, his stifled fury afforded to the spectators a fatal presage of the terrible catastrophe about to happen. The audience fully appreciated the merits of this striking originality; for the applause was prolonged for some time. In the agonizing scene in the fourth act, Young *fully* sustained the favourable impression which his early scenes had caused. This portion of the play is most artfully conducted by the author; and we know few situations where the powers of an actor are put to a more severe test. In the fifth act we have no hesitation in declaring Young infinitely surpassed his predecessors. Kean, whether from a false conception of the part, or from the total exhaustion of his physical powers, made Virginius a mere imbecile old man; Macready was violent, extravagant, and unnatural. Young, while he retained some portion of his former grandeur, impressed upon our minds that indescribable awe and horror which accompanies the contemplation of a being labouring under the greatest calamity to which frail humanity is subjected. His death was beautifully conceived;—a slight hysterical laugh, and one faint sigh, as if nature had quietly yielded to the struggle. At the fall of the curtain loud cheers were given from all parts of the house, accompanied by a unanimous call for Mr. Young, who came forward and said,

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—These tokens of your approbation, dear to me at all times, are peculiarly so at the present moment. This is one of the latest occasions on which I shall have the honour of appearing before you. After the provincial tour which it is usual to take on such occasions, I shall return and take my final leave. Judge, then, if the applauses with which you have honoured me are not, under the circumstances, especially grateful. I heartily thank you for them."

During this short address, the speaker was several times interrupted, and when he stated his intention of quitting the stage next season, the cries of "No, no," were universal.

Of the remaining characters we have to observe, that Miss Phillips proved a most adequate representative of Virginia; her love for Icilius was expressed with true maiden delicacy. Mr. Cooper was crabbed enough as Dentatus. Mr. Wallack played Icilius with fervour and judgment. Mr. Aitkin was barely respectable as Appius; and Mr. J. Vining had contrived to make his face a perfect fac-simile of

the Saracen's Head. In the farce, Young, by his dry Cervantic humour, caused us regret that he had not more frequently appeared in comedy.

The pit was crowded, and the first and dress circles were full.

TUESDAY, June 1.—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*.—*The Marriage of Figaro*.—One act of *Der Freischütz*.—Singing, &c.—For the benefit of Miss Stephens.

That admirable comedian, Mr. Dowton, played Sir John Falstaff, and was greeted with the most friendly welcome. The house was crowded.

WEDNESDAY, June 2.—*The Spanish Husband*; H. Payne.—*The Lancers*; H. Payne.—*Monsieur Tonson*; Moncrieff.

THURSDAY, June 3.—*Hofer*; Planché.—*A Day after the Wedding*.—*High Life below Stairs*.—For the benefit of Miss Mordaunt.

FRIDAY, June 4.—*The Duenna*.—One act of *Romeo e Giulietta*.—Scene from *Guy Mannering*.—*Perfection*.—For the benefit of Madame Vestris.

Romeo, Madame Malibran; Giulietta, Madame Vestris.

SATURDAY, June 5.—*Guy Mannering*.—*Der Freischütz*.

As admirers of Madame Vestris, we advise her to reflect, that it is easier to gain the favour of the public than to retain it. We learn, from the papers, that at the conclusion of the second act, Mr. Cooper came forward to state, that the above lady was so ill, as to be unable to conclude her part, and that *Der Freischütz* would be substituted for *Don Giovanni*. Much confusion followed this address; and Mr. Wallack then appeared with a piece of paper, said to be a medical certificate, but which was altogether so absurdly worded, that the stage manager was obliged to confess, that the subject was well calculated for laughter. Yells of disapprobation followed, and the greater portion of *Der Freischütz* was rendered inaudible. The house was very thinly attended.

MONDAY, June 7.—*Inkle and Yarico*.—*Perfection*.—*The Brigand*.—For the benefit of Mr. Jones.

TUESDAY, June 8.—*The Green-Eyed Monster*; Planché.—*The Dumb Savoyard*.—One act of *Past and Present*.—*The Cataract of the Ganges*.—For the benefit of Mr. Webster, Mr. Bedford, and Mrs. Barrymore.

WEDNESDAY, June 9.—*The Spanish Husband*.—*My Wife! What Wife?*—*The Dumb Savoyard*.

THURSDAY, June 10.—*The Siege of Belgrade*.—*The Brigand*.—*The Dumb Savoyard*.

FRIDAY, June 11.—*Masaniello*.—*Der Freischütz*.—*The Dumb Savoyard*.

SATURDAY, June 12.—*The Beggar's Opera*.—*The Irish Tutor*; Lord Glengall.—*The Poor Soldier*; O'Keefe.—*Perfection*.—For the benefit of Mr. Anderson.

The opera has been so barbarously curtailed of its fair proportions, that we think it had better have been laid on the shelf for ever than

produced in such a mutilated state. Mr. Anderson was the Macheath, and sung many of the airs with a considerable degree of sweetness, taste, and execution. Miss Betts (Polly) indulged in her old fault of bawling: she certainly possesses noble lungs, but need not task them so severely. We never saw her to less advantage. Madame Vestris was a piquant Lucy, and Mrs. E. Jones played Mrs. Peachum in a very clever, and, what is surprising, chaste manner. In *The Irish Tutor*, little Burke played O'Toole, and seemed as much at home with his audience, and produced as much mirth, as if he had been acquainted with them for some time. The house was full.

MONDAY, June 14.—*The Honey Moon*.—*Ballet*.—*The Brigand*.—

For the benefit of Mr. C. Wright,—and the last night of the company performing this season.

Mr. Wallack played the Duke, and Miss Phillips Juliana; as we think they are both totally unsuited for genteel comedy, we shall offer no comment on the performance. The usual address was delivered by Mr. Wallack. The novelties are as follows:—

<i>Epicharis</i> , a tragedy, Lister, played	5 times
<i>The Greek Family</i> , a melo-drama, Raymond	2
<i>Snakes in the Grass</i> , a farce, Buckstone	9
<i>The Brigand</i> , a melo-drama, Planché	43
<i>The Follies of Fashion</i> , a comedy, Lord Glengall	10
<i>The Witch Finder</i> , a melo-drama, Jerrold	1
<i>Harlequin, and Jack in the Box</i>	49
<i>The National Guard</i> , opera, Planché	14
<i>Past and Present</i> , a melo-drama, Poole	11
<i>Popping the Question</i> , interlude, Buckstone	12
<i>Perfection</i> , farce, Bailey	17
<i>The Dragon's Gift</i> , spectacle, Planché	20
<i>Hofer</i> , opera, Planché	11
<i>A Joke's a Joke</i> , farce, Hooke	1
<i>The Spanish Husband</i> , a drama, Payne	6

The first appearances are—Miss Faucit, Miss Mordaunt, Mr. Incedon, Mr. H. Wallack, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Goldsmith.

The season has been more successful than we expected, when we consider what an expensive company were collected; namely, Kean, Young, Liston, Farren, Jones, Harley, Sinclair, H. Phillips; Vestris, Stephens, and to what very little advantage their services have been turned. Look at Liston, who, in a tolerable part will always draw a good half-price: in what has he appeared?—a few worn-out farces, that were a tax upon the patience to sit out. Yet Mr. Wallack is termed an excellent caterer for the public; and some of the papers congratulate Mr. Lee in having retained his valuable services as stage-manager. Perhaps Mr. Wallack might say, that if no good pieces were offered, it was not his fault; but are there no old comedies and farces which might have been revived for Mr. Liston? Again, Mr. Young, who the season before, by the exhibition of his varied talents, was the chief support of this theatre, has scarcely played any character but Pierre and Iago: the former, too, at a time when the town were crowding to witness Miss Kemble's Belvidera. No doubt the same critics, when praising Mr. Wallack's management, will think

he did good service to his employers by performing Rolla, at least, seven times, though the pit, save on one occasion, did not contain as many persons as the orchestra.

COVENT GARDEN.

FRIDAY, May 28.—*The Provoked Husband*; Vanbrugh and Cibber. — *Master's Rival*; Peake. For the benefit of Miss F. Kemble.

We have very little to say respecting Miss Kemble's Lady Townley; she looked a lively intelligent girl of eighteen—but not Lady Townley; neither her voice, figure, action, nor deportment, suited the performance of this lively votary of fashion. Miss Kemble was, however, much applauded in several of her principal scenes. We have before spoken of the merits of Mr. C. Kemble's Lord Townley; we cannot help thinking that he exhibits too much emotion at the idea of parting from his lady. He appears more like a Jaffier, tearing himself from the beloved idol of his affections, than a justly-incensed husband, parting from a wife whose conduct has been marked by the most heartless indifference.

We advise Mr. Bartley, the next time he plays Sir Francis Wronghead, to speak either in his natural tone, or in a Yorkshire dialect; not in two distinct voices, like the monster described in *The Tempest*. The house was quite full.

SATURDAY, May 29. No performance.

MONDAY, May 31. — *Cinderella*; Lacy. — *Robert the Devil*; Raymond.

TUESDAY, June 1.—*As you Like It*.—*John of Paris*.

We are surprised that Mr. Keely should be placed in the part of Touchstone, while Blanchard (whom we have seen play the character very effectually) belonged to the company.

WEDNESDAY, June 2.—*Cinderella*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—Scene from the Farce of *Netley Abbey*. For the benefit of Mr. Farley.

THURSDAY, June 3.—*The Wonder*.—*The Highland Reel*. For the benefit of Miss Foote.

This very lady-like and interesting actress displayed her versatility of talent to the greatest satisfaction of a crowded audience. She sustained the very difficult character of Violante with great truth and feeling.

Mr. Balls, an agreeable actor, with a most unfortunate voice, made a lively Lissardo.

FRIDAY, June 4.—Last Act of *Otello*.—*Henri Quatre*.—*Robert the Devil*. For the benefit of Mr. Warde and Mr. Abbott. *Otello*, Donzelli; *Desdemona*, Malabran. *Henri Quatre*, (1st time) Mr. Warde. A good house.

SATURDAY, June 5.—*Cinderella*.—*Personation*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.

MONDAY, June 7.—*Cinderella*.—*The Highland Reel*. For the benefit of Mr. Wood.

This singer must be utterly lost to every sense of decency, after a recent occurrence, to have placarded the town with large bills, stating, *that on this occasion Miss Paton had offered her valuable services.*

TUESDAY, June 8.—*Maid of Judah.*—*Invincibles.* For the benefit of Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Mears.

WEDNESDAY, June 9.—*The Jealous Wife.*—*John of Paris.*

THURSDAY, June 10.—*Guy Mannering.*—*Teddy the Tiler.*

FRIDAY, June 11.—*As You Like It.*—*Robert the Devil.*

SATURDAY, June 12.—*Cinderella.*—*The One Hundred Pound Note.*

MONDAY, June 14.—*Cinderella.*—*Robert the Devil.*

TUESDAY, June 15.—*Cinderella.*—*The Highland Reel.* The last night of the season.

At the conclusion of the Opera, Mr. Bartley delivered the following address :—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In appearing before you to offer the grateful acknowledgments of the Proprietors of this Theatre, for the patronage with which they have been honoured during the present season, a more than customary responsibility devolves upon me.

“The difficulties in which this theatre was involved previously to the commencement of the present season, must be fresh in the recollection of my auditors.

“On the first night of performance, we had the good fortune to introduce a candidate for public favour, who, animated by the purest motives, preferred a claim to your patronage which was at once accorded, and, under the cheering auspices of your fostering encouragement, Miss Fanny Kemble has sustained a reputation in a range of the higher characters of the Drama, which has kept alive the interest of the public throughout the season; and to her extraordinary and uninterrupted attraction, assisted by the production of some successful novelties, we are indebted for the results, which I will take the liberty of enumerating.

“The current expenditure of the present season having been first provided for, the surplus has been so applied in the discharge of the debts of the Theatre, as that (in the event of continued success) a reasonable hope may be entertained by the shareholders, of seeing the commencement of the liquidation of their claims next season.

“To those friends who advanced loans, Mr. Kemble declared, that ‘the proudest day of his life would be that on which, with the grateful thanks of the numerous persons whom they were then assisting, he should be enabled to return their subscriptions;’ and although the embarrassments of the Theatre are far from being removed, Mr. Kemble considers that the period has arrived, when he is called upon to redeem his pledge, and a notice has accordingly been sent to the subscribers of loans, that the sums so advanced are ready to be returned.

“On the 1st of October, Ladies and Gentlemen, we propose to meet you again. Until then, in the names of the Proprietors and the Performers, I again offer you our general and grateful thanks, and most respectfully bid you farewell.”

The novelties are—

<i>First of May</i> , a two-act comedy, Miss Hill.	10 times.
<i>The Robber's Wife</i> , a melo-drama, Pococke	15
<i>Shakspeare's Early Days</i> , a two-act drama	10
<i>The Night before the Wedding</i> , an opera, Balls	3
<i>Harlequin and Cock Robin</i>	33

<i>The Husband's Mistake</i> , a farce	18 times.
<i>The Phrenologists</i> , a farce, Wade	2
<i>Robert the Devil</i> , a melo-drama, Raymond	34
<i>Ninetta</i> , an opera, Bishop	9
<i>Teddy the Tiler</i> , an interlude, Rodwell	44
<i>The Wigwam</i> , a melo-drama, Peake	22
<i>Cinderella</i> , an opera, Lacy	22
<i>The Colonel</i> , a farce, Lacy	1

The first appearances are Miss Kemble, Mr. Balls, Miss E. Tree, Miss Laurence, Mr. Jones, Mr. Dean, and Mr. Morley.

It is a fact hardly to be credited, that if these thirteen dramas were printed, (some of which have been played so frequently,) not one of them would excite a smile in the perusal,—supposing any person could be found bold enough to undertake so laborious a task; nor do they contain a solitary sentence remarkable for wit, humour, pathos, or expression. This truly pitiable condition to which our dramatic literature has arrived, rather excites our joy than otherwise, as we place great reliance on the faith of the homely proverb—"When things come to the worst, they needs must mend." Now we need scarcely add, that it "dwells not in the power of unknown fate," for men to write greater trash than *Robert the Devil*, *The Wigwam*, *The Colonel*, &c. &c. And we may as well add, *The Greek Family*, *Hofer*, &c. of the other house. We shall say no more on the subject, as the eyes of the public must now be completely opened to the injurious effects of that monopoly upon which we have so often commented.

The season at this theatre has been successful almost beyond precedent; and we cannot help complimenting the managers for the very able manner in which the operas of *Ninetta* and *Cinderella* have been got up.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

June 15.—Speed the Plough; *Morton*.—Conjectures.*—Rencontre; *Planché*.

16.—Richard III.†—Conjectures.—Happiest Day of my Life; *Buckstone*.

* The first novelty of the season, and formed of very slight materials. A man in a camlet cloak is observed, by the housemaid of a supposed wealthy banker, to steal out of the hall-door at a very early hour in the morning. This circumstance gives rise to various "conjectures" among the servants, some of which are very amusing. The mystery is solved in the end by the discovery that the camlet-cloaked gentleman had been secretly married to the banker's daughter. This interlude is written, we believe, by Mr. Poole. The characters were well supported by Messrs. Vining, Williams, Ross, Mrs. Humby and Mrs. T. Hill.

In *The Rencontre*, Mr. Healey, of whose singing we have spoken very favourably when at the Panarmonion, played St. Leon; his manly and pleasing voice, added to his prepossessing appearance, we think will render him a favourite here.

† Duke of Gloster, Mr. Kean, "who is engaged for six nights, positively his last appearance on the London boards." We believe this announcement is a mere puff, to act as a prop for the actor's declining fame. It is, however, likely to succeed. The smallness of the stage and the house does not require so great an exertion of his

June 17.—Conjectures.—Rivals.—Thirteen to the Dozen; *Kenny*.

18.—School for Scandal.*—Manœuvring; *Planché*.—Agreeable Surprise; *O'Keefe*.

19.—Beggars' Opera.†—Clandestine Marriage.—Conjectures.

21.—Othello.—Modern Antiques.—Popping the Question.

22.—Lodgings for Single Gentlemen; *Poole*.—The Beggar's Opera.—Spring and Autumn; *Kenny*.—Manœuvring.

23.—Much Ado about Nothing.‡—Happiest Day of my Life.—William Thompson.

24.—Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.—Two Friends.—Green-Eyed Monster.—Lottery Ticket.

25.—Merchant of Venice.—Happiest Day of my Life.—Lock and Key.

26.—*The Theatre was closed, in consequence of the much lamented death of his Majesty.*

physical powers, and he certainly appears to much advantage. The perfect intonation of his lower tones were never so vividly impressed on a London audience. He was wretchedly supported, with the exception of Mr. Cooper's Richmond. As the manager intends performing tragedy, it would have been advisable to have engaged a few at least third-rate actors; for is it not a "sorry sight" to find such an actor as Mr. Thompson attempting to play Henry the Sixth? We are not naturally of a sanguinary disposition, but we could not help partaking in the general joy of the house when Mr. Thompson, as the King, fell under the butchering hand of Richard. Miss F. Kelly played Lady Anne, and Mrs. Glover, the Queen. The house was crowded. At the conclusion Mr. Kean was called for, and made a most insulting speech, which, however, was received in a friendly way. Actors term themselves the servants of the public; by their behaviour, we should consider them the masters.

* Miss Mordaunt made her first appearance at this theatre, as Lady Teazle, and was very well received; she obtained much deserved applause; but we think her manner was not altogether sufficiently animated, as we are to suppose that all Lady Teazle's errors spring from the exuberant gaiety of her disposition; the satirical imitations of her acquaintances to the Lady Scandal's coterie, were given with some point. We are surprised that an actor of Mr. Farren's acknowledged talent should descend to such disgusting mummery as he used this evening, when about to break the secret of the "little French milliner" to Charles. Cooper looked the part of Joseph admirably well, and played it with the most plausible hypocrisy. Vining has too much frivolity and pertness in his manner for the elegant Charles. The cast of the remaining characters, with the exception of Mrs. Glover's Mrs. Candour, and Mr. Williams's Crabtree, would not have done credit to any barn. Mr. Thompson—the iron-lunged, iron-visaged, Mr. Thompson—attempted the part of Sir Oliver; his acting at best is "murder most foul," but this evening most "strange and unnatural;" his attempts at *humour* were—but we cannot describe them. Mr. Webster (*a low comedian*) played Sir Benjamin Backbite.—A good house.

† A Miss Turpin, the daughter of a veteran stager, made "her first appearance on any stage," as Polly. The quality of her voice is good, and met with much applause; her style was too ambitious and ornamental for the simple and expressive character of the music; her figure is tolerable, and her face inclines to prettiness. Mr. Horn, a tasty composer, and one of the most scientific singers we possess, played the gay Captain. He is decidedly the best representative of the part, both with respect to singing and acting, we have seen for some time.

‡ Mr. Cooper is certainly a very pains-taking actor, and we are always happy to afford him our praise: but we cannot speak highly of his Benedict; his mode of speaking is too sententious and declamatory; his movements too measured, and his whole deportment stiff and formal. Miss Mordaunt's Beatrice did not please us more than Mr. Cooper's Benedict; her style is too timid and languid, to give full effect to the cutting raillery of this most inspiring lady.

MINOR THEATRES.

ASTLEY'S, MAY 31st.—*The Battle of Waterloo* was revived this evening, with all the splendid scenery and complicated machinery, &c. which obtained for it a run of upwards of a hundred nights when first produced. If there is any person in London who has not seen this drama, he has a pleasure to come; for the various military movements, &c. are performed with such wonderful accuracy, that a faithful picture is given of the events of that memorable day. Ducrow's scenes in the circle followed, which need no comment; his pantomimic action is certainly the finest we ever witnessed. The whole concluded with a splendid comic pantomime, entitled, *The Death of Tom Moody*. A stag-hunt, performed by real hounds, horses, as well as a fine stag; a representation of Ascot Races, and a Rowing Match, are introduced with great effect.

The house has been so crowded every night, that the above pieces have been repeated during the month.

TOTTENHAM-STREET.—The spirited managers, Mr. Melrose and Mr. Chapman, in addition to their well-formed company, have engaged Mr. G. Bennett, Mr. J. Vining, Miss Nelson, and Miss Forde; the latter has played Maria, in *Of Age To-morrow*, with the most agreeable vivacity. The opera of *The Slave* has been got up in a style that would have done credit to our winter theatres. Mr. G. Bennett, in Gambia, displayed strong feeling and energy. Mr. J. Vining's Sharpset was highly whimsical and lively; and the vocal characters were most adequately sustained by Messrs. Chapman and Melrose, Miss Forde, and Mrs. Chapman.—*Black-Eyed Susan*, with Mr. J. Vining as William, and Mrs. Chapman as Susan, has drawn some very crowded houses.

SURREY, MAY 31st.—*The Progress of a Lawsuit*, (first time).—*Black-Eyed Susan*. We are surprised that a manager, who no doubt wishes his theatre to be considered respectable, should have ventured to produce such truly despicable and infamous trash as *The Progress of a Lawsuit*. The author (Mr. Moncrieff), has lately been discharged from gaol, through the insolvent act, and, we suppose, in revenge to those who placed him in durance, has written the above violent tirade against the law and lawyers. The improbabilities and inconsistencies are so numerous, that to enumerate them all, would be too severe a tax upon the patience of our readers; some we shall proceed to notice, for the sake of justifying our remarks. Mr. Fortescue, in consequence of some foolish misunderstanding, violently insults a Mr. Rutherford, to whom he owes a thousand pounds. Mr. R. while warm with passion, permits his attorney to write a lawyer's letter to Mr. F. on the subject of the debt; the attorney IMMEDIATELY issues out a writ against Mr. Fortescue, and after many difficulties, which constitute the whole business of the drama, he is taken, and placed in the county gaol, and an execution is lodged in his house. Mrs. Fortescue implores the compassion of her husband's creditor, who expresses his astonishment at the course his lawyer has pursued, and hastens to his residence to upbraid him for it. The lawyer laughs at his resentment, and without further ado arrests him for the costs, and debtor and creditor are both placed in the same cell. The dialogue is on a par with the plot, abounding with such exclamations as "a free-born Englishman a prisoner!"—"Oh, England! England! why will you oppress your fairest sons, and force them to quit their native soil?" &c. &c. Mr. T. P. Cooke played "a travelled sailor," who is constantly relating his dull adventures, taken verbatim from *Joe Miller*.

VAUXHALL.—These gardens were opened on Friday last, but in consequence of the inauspicious appearance of the evening, the entertainments were curtailed. The vaudeville which introduced those confirmed favourites, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, T. Cooke, Gattie, Forster, and Williams, was admirably sustained. The Cosmoramas were very good, and the Fantoccini surpassed any thing of the kind we have seen.

MISCELLANIES.

MISS F. KEMBLE'S FIRST SEASON COMPARED WITH THAT OF MRS. SIDDONS.

MRS. SIDDONS, on her first season (or rather her first successful season), which commenced on the 10th of October, 1782, ending the 5th of June, 1783, performed eighty times, viz. :

<i>Isabella</i>	22 times.
<i>Grecian Daughter</i>	11
<i>Jane Shore</i>	14
<i>Calista</i>	14
<i>Belvidera</i>	13
<i>Zara (Mourning Bride)</i>	3
<i>Fatal Interview</i>	3

Mrs. Siddons had two benefits; the first was on the 14th of December, 1782, when she acted *Belvidera*. Her receipts were said to amount to upwards of 800*l.*; the night was free from all charges. Her second benefit was in March, when she performed *Zara*. "Very considerable presents were made by persons of rank and talent" on both occasions.

Miss F. Kemble has played one hundred and two times; she commenced on the 5th of October, and finished on the 28th of May.

<i>Juliet</i>	36 times.
<i>Belvidera</i>	23
<i>Grecian Daughter</i>	7
<i>Mrs. Beverley</i>	16
<i>Portia (Merchant of Venice)</i>	8
<i>Isabella</i>	11
<i>Lady Townly</i>	1

Her benefits were on the 25th of March, and the 28th of May.

LADY W. LENNOX AND MR. WOOD.

"Lothario and Calista!—Thus they join
Two names, which heaven decreed should never meet;
Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one."—*Rowe*.

WERE it not for the extraordinary course the London public have pursued towards the above parties, we should have remained silent on this *painful* subject. Lady W. Lennox, by the amiable and praiseworthy manner in which she had conducted herself for many past years, under some very trying circumstances, had won our deepest sentiments of respect and admiration; and it is under no ordinary feelings of regret, that we are compelled to take up our pen to notice her conduct—we repeat, compelled; for the records of vice cannot afford a greater instance of hardened profligacy, and utter disregard of public decency, than Mr. Wood and the above lady have displayed. Supposing that the *worst* which has been said of Lord Lennox's behaviour to his wife was true, can it at all palliate the bold, unblushing manner, in which she appeared to the gaze of thousands, with the man with whom she was charged with having committed *adultery*,—nay, endeavouring, by the most expressive looks and significant actions, to *impress* upon the spectators the regard she entertained for Mr. Wood? Had Lady W. Lennox refrained from appearing in public while such distressing reports were in circulation, or had she performed without her paramour, we never should have inquired into her conduct; but now that she seems to glory in her shame, taking every step to give it publicity, it is impossible for any man, who is at all anxious for the order and well-being of society, to remain silent;—nay, all that applaud her are offering the most dangerous encouragement to vice, and giving a wound to the respectability of the drama, from the effects of which it may never recover. As for Mr. Wood, he is one of those unmeaning butterflies, too contemptible to notice, and if aught could sink him lower in the estimation of those whose opinion is valuable, it must be the *peculiar* point which he endeavoured to give the song, "Oons, neighbour, ne'er blush," in *Lore in a Village*.

We abridge from the *Age* newspaper the particulars of Lady W. Lennox's connexion with Mr. Wood :—

About two months since it first became known to Lord Wm. Lennox, that the affections of his lady were estranged, and fixed upon Mr. Wood. Lord Wm. Lennox immediately insisted upon an inquiry and explanation. It took place, and the result convinced him and his friends, that, up to the period of which we are writing, nothing criminal had occurred.

Mr. Wood then solemnly pledged himself, in the presence of a third person, neither to communicate with or see the lady, but with the sanction of her husband; and Lord William hoped that affection, aided by time, and a conviction of the dreadful degradation from which she had then been preserved, would have worked a proper reformation; but, alas! in vain.

Up to the period of Wednesday, May 19, Lord William Lennox had neither heard nor seen any thing to revive his suspicions; and believing in the sincerity of Lady William, and Wood's solemn declarations, neither to see each other or communicate, he left his wife, by her own request, at the farm near Hampstead, while he proceeded to Barnet, where his Lordship was one of the stewards for the races. On his return the next day, he found Lady William had taken her departure, no one knew whither, nor with whom. His Lordship's suspicions were very naturally directed to Mr. Wood: he went directly to his lodgings in Buckingham-street, forced himself into his bed-room, and demanded from him any information he could give respecting Lady William and her flight. Mr. Wood declared himself to be entirely ignorant of both; and Lord William left him, satisfied that he spoke the truth. On Saturday, a communication was made to Mr. Bartley, as stage-manager of Covent-garden Theatre, "that if he would undertake to protect the lady from all interruption and annoyance, she would act on that evening, as advertised, in *Cinderella*." This request Mr. Bartley, after first consulting with his Lordship, pledged himself to; and Lady William appeared, and sang, if possible, better than ever. At the close of the opera, Lord William's feelings overcame his plighted promise, and he rushed behind the scenes, attended by two friends, to endeavour to effect a reconciliation with his lady. Of the scene which occurred we must be excused from giving details; suffice it to say that it was distressing to all those who took any part in it, and the more so, as it was found to be impossible to persuade Lady William to return to the protection of her lord and husband. Eventually it was agreed that she should retire for a few days to an hotel, in Conduit-street, accompanied by a female, and under the protection of Mr. Bartley, until the necessary legal arrangements could be made for a deed of separation, to which Lord William, in the presence of three persons, consented. From some circumstances which have since transpired, he was advised to withdraw his acquiescence to that course, and this refusal having driven the lady into a state of excitement very nearly, if not actually, amounting to insanity, she, in defiance of the imploring solicitations of her friends, who represented to her repeatedly, and in the most forcible manner, the irretrievable and dreadful consequences which must result from her rashness, left the hotel, and the protection of those who were most anxious to preserve her, and threw herself into the arms of Mr. Wood, with whom she at present remains.

Now for the details. The first elopement of Lady William Lennox from West End Farm, Hampstead, on Wednesday, May 19, was planned between herself and Wood during the performance of *Cinderella* on Tuesday, the 18th, when they played together; and there is no doubt that it had been for some time concerted, as the lodgings in Cecil-street, where Lady William lived from Wednesday to Saturday, the 22d of May, were taken for her by Mr. Wood's direction; and, what is still more conclusive, Mr. Wood's friend, a Mr. B—s, was sent with a hackney-coach, to convey the poor deluded woman to the scene of her destruction. At this lodging, it can be proved that Wood visited his victim daily, and passed the greater part of his time with her; yet such was his duplicity, that on being questioned by Lord William before three persons, at Covent Garden Theatre, on Saturday, the 22d of May, he solemnly denied all knowledge of the elopement, or of any personal communication with the lady during that period; and in proof of such declaration, Mr. Wood surrendered to Lord William Lennox certain letters written to him by Lady William during that period, inviting him to come to her. Now, Lady William has since confessed, not only to the writer of this statement, but also to others, that Wood himself dictated these letters to her, for the purpose of deceiving her husband, and protecting Wood from the legal consequences of their connexion. So much for Mr. Wood's manly, honourable, and gentlemanly conduct.

For what followed, we must refer to the article extracted from the *Age*, of May

26th, only adding, that on Lady William Lennox quitting Bryant's Hotel, on Thursday, May 27, she went to Mr. Wood's lodgings, at No. 23, Salisbury-street, Strand, and slept there that night, and afterwards they removed to No. 13, Norfolk-street, in the Strand, where they lived together as man and wife, up to the period of their quitting London for Dublin. We annex hereunto an extract, *verbatim et literatim*, from one of Wood's letters to Lady William Lennox (in our possession), showing the extreme caution of that worthy young gentleman to preserve himself from all legal consequences.

" TO LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

" *Monday Evening, May 24, 1830.*

" MY DEAREST LOVE,—I am sorry to hear that the deed of separation, on Lord William's part, has been objected *too*. Your leaving London with me for Scotland, and by that means Lord W. obtaining a *divorce* (thereby casting the whole stigma upon us), *shall never be acceded to by me*."—[In another part of the same letter he says—"To-morrow night I shall be able to judge how the public feel towards *it*, which I think is favourable—God grant they may be so—and believe me, *dearest treasure*, I am truly wretched without you; nothing but knowing your firmness enables me to bear up

" Believe me, until death, I remain,

" Ever your devoted and attached,

" PUSSEY."

This letter was sent to Lady William Lennox, on Monday, the 24th, following the affair at the theatre on the Saturday night, and during the time she was residing at Bryant's Hotel, before her *second* elopement.—*Age*, June 20.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

The art of dramatic criticism has risen of late with a curious prosperity, that fairly exceeds the grand march of improvement in every thing worth knowing or having that characterises the noble age we live in. We all remember the saying of the old man to his son setting forth to seek his fortune—"Get money, boy, honestly if you can, *but get money*." Now the spirit of contemporary dramatic criticism seems to be somewhat of the same nature. One main maxim or understanding prevails on all sides, and that is, let something be reported which shall read well, or make a hit, and it will do. To this effect all nerves are violently strained, and thus tact takes the place of fact, felicity shoves fidelity round the corner, and brilliancy puts consistency altogether out of countenance. The race before us sent the dramatic unities to "the tomb of all the capulets," and we, not to be outdone by our progenitors, have pitched the proprieties of dramatic criticism to the father of all evil. And here directly and in brief, we arrive at a discovery, of late as much sought after, and with as little success, as the North Pole passage,—the cause of the decline of the modern drama. It is clearly palpably produced by the corruption of our dramatic criticism. The poor patient public, long amused, abused, distempered, and deceived, finding all accounts and opinions conflicting, and none correct; having no unquestioned authority to pin their faith to; and terrified at the burdened sins of omission and commission charged at their head, have at last concurred in thinking the press the vampire of the stage, and finally abandoned their ancient favourite out of mere horror of its blood-suckers. This is an alarming condition of things, and we shall give a few slight instances of recent date, to exemplify its enormities, and justify our censure.

The talent of Bachelor Woodfall, the father of all reporters, is universally admitted. He never took a note, but sat unconcerned, as it were, with his arms crossed, supped well, discussed a quantity of brandy punch, and after a sound night's rest, remembered and noted down a whole debate without one fault. "Mark well, and inwardly digest," was his motto. He bore no rival near his throne. But now we exceed him; for instance, a popular Sunday print reported Mr. Anderson's benefit on the 6th, when in point of fact it occurred on the 12th.

One man, again, looks into a theatre, and, abiding only an act, will criticise the remaining four more glibly upon the strength of what he saw of the first, than another who rested considerably during the whole performance. Was he not of this calibre (the critic, in the *Chronicle*) who the other day devoted some half column or so of small letter to the joint appearance of Mr. Anderson and Madame

Vestris, in *Guy Mannering*, setting forth antithetically the public excitement at their important quarrel, and the want of public sympathy on their reconciliation; describing very prettily how the gentleman took the lady's hand and dearly pressed it between both of his, and how lovingly he looked at her, she "looking nothing loth" at him; and how harmoniously their voices blended, and so forth, in full to this strain;—but never mentions that, except the duet, "Now Hope, now Fear," Madame Vestris omitted all the music of her part. Petted at the fall of the curtain, and refusing to play that naughty boy in breeches, *Don Giovanni*, forced Wallack to step forth with a medical certificate, that the lady the audience had five minutes before seen well, perfectly sound, wind and limb, was so ill as to be unable to appear on the stage. Now, reader, choose between the clever singer who omitted what there was to sing, and the critic who remarked not on all there was to criticise.

In some, a little wit leads to a false prophecy. Witness the *Literary Gazette*, which, speaking of Lablache, the great Basso, fain called him "single-speeched Hamilton," on the very day his success in *Don Magnifico* defied the satire. By the by, the same page in the same article was more wonderfully felicitous; for, after the remark that Taglioni's dancing was indescribable, the writer added, "It greatly reminded him of Pasta singing 'Di tanti palpiti.'" Surely such an illustration of the indescribable has the fit merit of being singularly unintelligible.

In not a few cases we trace a little knowledge strangely misapplied, as in the writer of the *British Traveller*, who, after an enthusiastic eulogy on Malibran's Zerlina, fell into raptures at the style in which she sung "La ci darem la mano," with her "caro mazetto," whereas all the world besides knows this to be the seductive duet which the libertine Giovanni sings with her.

"De gustibus" now is musty, though the proofs of it fall fresh every day; as for instance, the *Times* averring that the shrillness of Madame Lalande's voice wears off upon a longer acquaintance. Verily, the cats upon the pantiles of Printing House-square could not fail to discourse sweet music to these critics, provided their nocturnal concerts were prolonged to a sufficient length of time, *et cetera ad infinitum*.

G. W. S.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.—We rejoice to see a good house, but we cannot help mourning over our prostrate condition of dramatic taste, when we see the proboscis of an elephant invested with a power of attraction which is denied to the superior (we do not use the word comparatively) conception of a Sheridan or a Goldsmith. It is lamentable. The sagacious quadruped collected in the theatre on Saturday evening (June 12) a splendid circle of admirers, and went through her wonted movements in capital style. She failed, however, to attend to one of Shakspeare's most pointed admonitions, and said "more than was set down for her."

LADY WILLIAM LENNOX AND MR. WOOD.—It is with a feeling of pain and mortification which we cannot describe, that we place these names in junction; but the parties having made their election of resting their claims to attraction upon the notoriety of their connexion in private life, rather than to their merits as public performers; having offered our columns to the lady in vindication of her character if it were aspersed, and that offer having been

rejected; no alternative is left us but that of noticing Lady William Lennox and Mr. Wood in the capacity in which they seem with such unworthy ambition to be emulous of appearing.

The house on Saturday evening (June 19) was crowded to excess.

"On the rising of the curtain, Miss Paton was greeted with frequent cheers and other tokens of approval, mixed with partial hissing. She advanced to the front of the stage, and frequently acknowledged the kindness evinced regarding her. On commencing the opening duet, her voice was inaudible, owing to the noisy vociferations of the contending parties in the house; but silence was soon restored, and the opera proceeded: the air, 'My heart's my own,' was loudly encored; but the dissentients mustered very strong, and there was considerable hissing. In the midst of the contention the lady advanced, but the hissing as well as the applause increased, and for some minutes she appeared to labour under much agitation. At one moment she seemed about to faint, when Mr. Bedford, who

personated Young Meadows, afforded her the support of his arm. She soon recovered, however, and the tumult having gradually subsided, she repeated the air with the most enchanting sweetness and delicacy of execution.

"Mr. Wood presented himself at the opening of the fifth scene, and had just commenced, 'There was a jolly miller,' when he was assailed by the most tremendous hootings. Those who were disposed to hiss and groan, appeared to have reserved for him the full tide of their execrations. At first he seemed rather animated than dismayed by the unfavourable salutation, but as the uproar increased, and the cries of 'Off, off,' (mixed indeed with some plaudits, and calls of 'Wood, be firm, and don't falter,') became louder and more vociferous, his confidence for a little time forsook him, and he paced the stage as if undetermined as to the course he should adopt. At length he again faced the auditory, and having taken off his hat, essayed to address them, but the indication of such a disposition on his part only increased the clamour, and he again retreated to the back of the stage. Justice Woodcock (Mr. Shuter) here entered, and the dialogue proceeded, but not a single word could be heard. The house at this time presented a most extraordinary scene of confusion; and the violent uproar caused by the cheering and clapping of hands of some, and the hissing and groaning of others, was almost deafening. In about twenty minutes, and towards the conclusion of the first act (during which Mr. Wood did not make a second attempt to sing), the tumult died away, and the contending parties appeared to be tired of their warfare."—*Morning Register*.

"The foregoing extracts are all most favourable in their representation of the occurrences of Saturday evening; but it will be seen that, even glossing matters over, a general feeling of disgust prevails at the scene exhibited on that occasion.

"A complaint has been made that dramatic taste is falling off. Can any thing more directly tend to its extinction than the open display of profligacy and vice?—One of the strong arguments urged against those who have a conscientious and religious objection to dramatic representations was, that a moral was as capable of inculcation in a well-written and a well-acted play, as through the medium of a homily or exhortation. If the stage become the arena for the display of the persons who have earned an infamous notoriety elsewhere, can this argument be urged; for how can a virtuous precept be enforced or a didactic sentiment impressed by a run-

away wife, or a professed paramour? We shall be told that the public has nothing to do with the private conduct of individual performers. We grant this—so long as that conduct is not ostentatiously and offensively exhibited, and relied upon as the principal means of attraction. The last time Lady William Lennox appeared in Dublin she frequently played to houses under fifty pounds a night. On Saturday evening, in conjunction with Mr. Wood, who, as a *singer*, is inferior to Mr. Bedford, the house was crowded to an overflow! We were glad to perceive that the audience was almost exclusively composed of men. The attendance of females, and particularly in the pit, was entirely confined to those of a *certain description*. There were some ladies in the boxes, but only six names appeared in the box plan. The frequenters of the galleries, always remarkable for their grossness and obscenity, seemed to consider the announcement of Saturday as equivalent to that of *Saturnalia*; and with a quickness of perception and readiness of wit that places the national characteristics in a strong point of view if exercised in a better cause, seized upon every point in the dialogue, songs, and action, which could be construed into a reference to the supposed connexion subsisting between Lady Lennox and Mr. Wood. Hawthorn's *kiss of Rosetta* was loudly *encored*!!! Heavens, how we felt for the unfortunate woman, who, on former occasions, and under other circumstances, used to command and receive respect on these boards, when she smiled at the ruffian ribaldry of the shilling gallery."—*Dublin Mail*.

LIVERPOOL.—Our theatre opened for the season on Monday evening, June 14, and the additions made to the company are creditable to the taste and spirit of the manager. The house opened with an oriental spectacle, got up with exceeding splendour for the purpose of introducing Mademoiselle D'Jeck, the celebrated elephant. The piece in which she appears is splendidly got up: the Fire-fiend's Valley is magnificent, and some of the other scenes are not less attractive. We cannot say, however, that it was greatly applauded, and on Wednesday evening it sunk into an afterpiece, and yielded precedence to *Venice Preserved*. In this best of Otway's tragedies, a lady and gentleman, new to the Liverpool boards, made their appearance; the part of Belvidera was sustained by Miss Huddart, of the Dublin theatre, and Jaffier was personated by Mr. Adams, an American actor. The character is decidedly a difficult one,

and it would not be fair to decide on Mr. Adams's merits by his performance of this evening. His figure does not recommend him: his stature is low,—his person round,—and his face too fleshy for giving any great variety of expression; its muscles are not sufficiently under his control, and nothing could be more ridiculous than his attempt to look sorrowful. In some parts he rose above mediocrity, but on the whole, his Jaffier did not please us. The part of Belvidera, as we have already stated, devolved on Miss Huddart. This lady, we understand, has held a high rank on the Dublin boards, and we find no reason to dissent from the opinion of our Irish neighbours. Her figure is good, but her person might be considered too small for tragedy; and, apparently aware of this defect, Miss Huddart takes some pains to obviate it. Her features are regular and flexible: they conform rapidly to her will, and give expression to every feeling and passion that may be supposed to agitate the female soul. Her eyes, in particular, are beautifully expressive, but her voice seems to want fulness and equality of tone. Miss Huddart has a good conception of the part of Belvidera: she made several good points, and was particularly effective,—even excellent, in that part where she meets her husband subsequent to the night spent in the house of the conspirators. She was deservedly much applauded. Mr. Vandenhoff played Pierre in his usual style of excellence. His appearance was hailed with a long and warm applause.

BATH, JUNE 7.—During the past week, Miss F. Kemble has been performing Juliet, Euphrasia, Isabella, Portia, and Mrs. Beverley to crowded and sometimes overflowing houses. The dress-circles have shown on every evening a splendid display of fashionables. After some remarks on her general style of acting, the writer observes, that she has a clear articulation, but a defect in pronunciation: the *or* being sounded more like *ar*, and the broad *a*, as in *war*, like that in *far*, to which we may add that her pathos is sometimes detrimental by a drawl; and that where her own powers are perfectly unaided (that is, in what is called by-play, and in other particulars), she is wanting in many points, which the great school of the world can alone supply. Mr. Kemble played in *The Gamester*, the part of Beverley, on which comment is unnecessary; which, with the fine acting of Stuart, as Stukeley, an excellent personation of Lewson, by Mr. Mason, and Jarvis, by Mr. Bellamy, played with a depth of pathos which has seldom indeed been surpassed

for its truth to nature; together with Charlotte, by Mrs. Ashton, and the rest of the characters respectably sustained, rendered the evening's performance a treat of the highest order. Mr. Stuart has shone forth to great advantage in the characters he has sustained, particularly in Shylock. We confess that we could not see in this difficult and arduous character a point of objection. Were it not for the attraction of some London stars, engaged at a cost (if what we have heard be true) fearful to name, we question whether or not it would be worth the while of the management to keep open the house. Yet here is a fixed actor, with others who are equally eminent in their several departments, that has played to audiences that would not pay for the lighting up of the house. When we think of this, we cannot but regret that an intelligent and enlightened public should so abandon their better judgment, as to be led away by the opinion of others, and crowd to see what are denominated stars, yet failing to reward with deserved estimation and patronage those who have every qualification except a name. Miss Kemble played Lady Townley for her benefit. The house was crowded; and at the conclusion of the comedy there was a loud call for Mr. Kemble, who appeared and thanked the audience for their kind reception of himself and his daughter.

We have not room for the opinions of all the critics upon this lady's acting. Some consider her a mere *novice* in every sense of the word; others have expressed the warmest admiration of her talents.

CANTERBURY, JUNE 1.—Mr. Keen appeared at this theatre on Monday and Tuesday, as Shylock and Othello. Neither the fame of this distinguished actor, nor the prospect of his quitting this country for ever, operated successfully in bringing full houses, as the joint receipts of the two nights did not amount to more than 70*l*.—*Kent Paper*.

BIRMINGHAM, JUNE 7.—The principal performances during the past week have been got up for the purpose of introducing Mr. Macready in his favourite characters of Werner and Virginius. On Monday, he performed the former character for his benefit, when the house was very well filled; and on Wednesday, the latter, when there was a lamentably thin house. Last night the season closed with *The School for Scandal*; Mr. Montague, as Charles, and Miss E. Tree, as Lady Teazle. The house was well filled.

Miss Kemble is to perform here on the re-opening of the theatre.

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EDWARD ALLEYN.

Engraved for the Dramatic Magazine.



MR. KEAN,
AS
SIR GILES OVERREACH.

Engraved for the Dramatic Magazine.

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